

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "When Thugz Cry"

When thugs cry  
Now I lay me down to sleep  
I pray the Lord my guns to keep  
If I die before I wake  
I pray the Lord my soul to take  
Got us dyin'  
When thugs cry, times is hard

Born thuggin', and lovin' the way I came up  
Big money clutchin', bustin' while evadin' cocaine busts  
My pulse rushin', semi clutchin' into insanity  
They shot at my cousin, now we bustin' at they whole family  
The coppers wanna see me buried, I ain't worried  
I got a line on the D.A. 'cause I'm fuckin' his secretary  
I black out and start cussin', bust 'em and touch 'em all  
They panic, and bitches duckin', I rush 'em and fuck 'em all  
I'll probably be an old man before I understand  
Why I have to live my life with pistols close at hand  
Kidnapped my homie's sister, cut her face up bad  
They even raped her, so we blazed they pad  
Automatic shots rang out, on every block  
They puttin' hits out on politicians, even cops  
I ain't lyin', they got me sleepin' with my infrared beams  
And in my dreams I hear motherfuckers screamin'  
What is the meanin' when thugs cry?

*[Singer (2Pac):]*

Oh, why should you send your child off to die?  
In the streets of chalk where they lie  
Let no wrongs cry out when thugs cry, dear God (when thugs cry)  
Oh my, does it have to be this way?  
Our children of today won't stay wise  
Let the children hear when thugs cry, dear God, oh why?

Maybe my addiction to friction got me buggin'  
Where is the love?, never quit my ambition to thug  
Ain't shed a tear since the old school years of elementary  
Niggas I used to love, enclosed in Penitentiaries  
But still, homie, keep it real, how does it feel  
To lose your life, over something that you did as a kid?  
You all alone, no communication, block on the phone  
Don't get along with your pop, and plus your moms is gone  
Where did we go wrong? I put my soul in the song  
To help us grow in time, but now our minds are gone  
We went from brothers and sisters to niggas and bitches  
We went from welfare livin' to worldwide riches  
But somethin' changed in this dirty game, everything's strange  
Lost all my homies over cocaine, mayne  
See, they ask me if I shed a tear, I ain't lie  
See, you gotta get high or die, 'cause even thugs cry

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And all I see is these paranoid bitches, illegal adventures  
Bustin' motherfuckers with uppercuts, I leave 'em with dentures  
'Cause in my criminal mind, nobody violates the Don  
I write your name wit' a piece of paper, now your family's gone  
Why perpetrate like you can handle my team?  
So merciless in my attack I take command of your dreams  
Leavin' motherfuckers drownin' in they own blood  
Clownin', takin' pictures later  
Laugh 'bout them punk bitches that turned snitches  
Regulate my area, the terror I represent  
Makin' your people disappear, you wonderin' where they went  
Am I cold, or is it just I sold my soul?  
Addicted to these streets, never find true peace I'm told  
Come take my body, God, don't let me suffer any longer!  
Smoke a pound of marijuana, so I know it ain't long  
Where is the end to all my misery, is there a close?  
I suppose that's why I murder my foes; when thugs cry

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I shed tattooed tears for years  
For my dead homeboys and my prison peers  
Y'all ain't never heard my cries  
Now you wonder why would you die?

Thanks to deathrow2, babiegurlsthugin for correcting these lyrics.

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